

Animals

OUR DUMB



WHAT SOFT FUR YOU HAVE!

Photo, Walter Chandoha

JAN 5 1954



VOLUME 86 — NO. 1

Animals

JANUARY, 1953

Founded by Geo. T. Angell, President, 1868 - 1909

Dr. Francis H. Rowley, President, 1910 - 1943

PUBLISHED BY THE

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
AND
AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

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Per year—\$1.50. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, \$1.00 each. Single copies, \$15.

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly type-written, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse.

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Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts. Re-entered as second class matter, July 3, 1950, at the Post Office at Boston, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 18, 1919.

The New Year

THE advent of each New Year's Day may as easily turn our thoughts to the past as it traditionally projects our minds into the future. The yesterday of the cause we represent—does it warrant us to face tomorrow with larger hope and wider vision?

To many of us the stars seem fixed in the heavens, just where we first saw them in our childhood, but they have journeyed far since then. For some measurements, days and years and even centuries are all too short.

More than a hundred years ago Jeremy Bentham said: "The time will come when humanity will extend its mantle over everything which breathes; we have begun by attending to the condition of slaves; we shall finish by softening that of all the animals which assist our labors and supply our wants."

These words of the great jurist fell upon the ears of his contemporaries like the words of an impractical dreamer. Yet the years since then have witnessed the organization of Societies to do this very thing in every civilized country on earth.

Everywhere the interest in animal welfare is deepening. Everywhere Humane Education is being recognized as a vital element in the training of the young.

Yes, we have abundant reason to rejoice and to remember what Edward Everett Hale once said: "We are all in the same boat—animals and men. You cannot promote kindness to one without benefiting the other."

E. H. H.

Our Letter Box

Friend in Deed

The following unusual letter was received by us recently. Naturally, we take great pride in what the writer says and take great hope for the world by what the writer did.

Some twenty years ago, more or less, an operation was performed on our dog. At that time, my parents could not afford to pay the charge of \$30.00. Because I have always appreciated the fact that this was done for us and have never forgotten it over the years, I am enclosing a check for \$50.00 to cover the unpaid bill plus interest.

Slaughter of Whales

Recently, I saw a news-reel depicting modern methods of exterminating whales in the Antarctic. Hunter ships, armed with explosive harpoons, speedily brought to a cruel end the harmless gamboling of the unsuspecting leviathan. Even spotter planes aided in their scientific slaughter.

It seems a vast pity that the remnants of these peaceful creatures, cannot be left to work out their own destinies. Once harpooned, it is callously acknowledged that "sometimes hours of agony are sustained by the whale, even though three or four additional explosive harpoons are fired into it."

In the "Times," Sunday, November 2, appears a news item that sixteen floating expeditions, and three shore stations will take part in this winter's whaling season in the Antarctic. The expedition will consist of 250 catcher boats and 12,000 men. The season's catch it is said, "will be limited to 16,000 whale units."

Must man continue to destroy all living creatures on the face of the globe? Will the blue whale disappear into the hungry maw of this modern age? The Antarctic, said to be the last habitat of the whale, in numbers, may soon be as deserted by this creature as other oceans, ravaged by man's ruthless destruction of wild life. What can be done to stop such expeditions on their quest to render extinct one of the last specimens of God's creatures who wars on no one and whose life is spent in a region where it might well expect to be left alone?

—William W. Ayre
New York City

Laws for Working Dogs

By Jasper B. Sinclair

PERHAPS the first of man's domesticated animal friends to be used to transport burdens was the dog. However, because of its limited strength and size, the dog was used in transportation only when a more appropriate animal was unavailable.

Nevertheless, even today, the dog is invaluable in the Arctic regions, both in the New and Old Worlds. Here its light weight comes into its own, since it can run over snow covered ground without bogging down in the deep snows. Furthermore, dogs can easily be trained to work in teams to good advantage.

And, in many parts of Europe, the dog is still used for transport purposes. For instance, it is fairly common to see dogs at work hauling various kinds of light vehicles in all the provinces of Belgium. There is no provincial uniformity in the regulations governing dog-power and canine traction, however.

The province of Brabant has the most detailed and humane set of dog regulations. They include the following:

All dogs must be so harnessed as to

permit them at each stop to lie down freely and rest the head upon the ground. During all stops, when rain or snow is falling, the conductor must place under the dog a piece of sacking or straw mat; and in very cold weather must protect the dog with a covering of oilcloth.

It is forbidden to harness sick or infirm dogs, or mother dogs with young; for the conductor to sit in the cart, unless it be pulled by several dogs together; to attach a dog to a cart with any other species of animal; that the cart be conducted by a child of less than 14 years.

The dog must measure, at the very least, 20 inches at the height of the shoulder. To the foregoing was recently added a further ordinance which forbids attaching dogs to the tricycle type of delivery cart, as the dog must always adapt his gait to the speed of pedal propulsion.

All in all, the Brabanter regulations for working dogs are perhaps the world's most thorough set of statutes affecting the welfare and well-being of "Rover" and all his pals at work.



Delivering milk in Holland by dog power.

Animal Ghosts

By Cecil deVada

A FACT not well known is that both American and British offices of the Society for Psychical Research have in their files literally hundreds of cases of animal phantasms or apparitions. Most of these are so well attested to by witnesses that they certainly seem to be authentic. In his book *Phantasms of the Dead, Or True Ghost Stories*, Hereward Carrington, famous writer and lecturer on psychic and occult subjects, says:

"Ghosts of animals have been seen many times—spectral dogs, cats, horses, as well as those of humans. I myself have placed on record an authenticated case where a flesh-and-blood cat spat at the apparition of a dog, that was seen independently by a clairvoyant, the latter having described it a few moments before to several interested spectators. . . ."

An incident of outstanding interest was experienced by the late H. Rider Haggard, the famous novelist. Late one evening while Haggard was sitting on the veranda of his country home, the daily fast express thundered by about a mile away. Some minutes later the author's great Dane appeared on the veranda's steps and looked up at his master in a way that Haggard described later as a bit strange. A short while later Haggard learned to his astonishment that at about the time his dog had appeared on the veranda steps, the animal was struck and killed by the express. Haggard had seen his dog's ghost.

Another unusual case of a dog's reappearance after death is told by Bayard Veiller in his book, *The Fun I've Had*. Here is the way it is narrated by William O. Stevens in his enthralling book of ghostly phenomena, *Unbidden Guests*:

The Veillers had a dog, "Penn," whom they loved dearly. As he became very old his days were only a matter of prolonged suffering, and so with much heartbreak it was decided that he should be gently eased out of his pain. His master took him to the office of a doctor



Twins in real life — afterwards, what . . . ?

who also was devoted to Penn and he was put into his last sleep.

Coming home, Mr. Veiller buried Penn in the garden with his own hands and planted on the grave myrtle and lilies of the valley. For Mr. Veiller and his wife it was a day of tragic grief, for Penn was not merely a pet; he was a member of the family in a very real sense.

"Now," Mr. Veiller continues, "here is the part I don't expect anyone to believe." He then goes on to say that it had been a hard day and he went to bed early. At three o'clock he was awakened abruptly out of a heavy sleep by the sound of Penn, barking. Mr. Veiller declares that he is not superstitious nor given to imagining things that don't exist. He has never thought much of a Hereafter, but he swears this is what he heard and saw:

The barking that woke him up was, he says, "gay, boisterous and excited." He got up and went outdoors to see. The garden was bathed in bright moonlight. Over the hill behind the house he saw Penn come tearing down to the lawn, tail waving, gay and carefree as a puppy. It was unmistakably Penn. He ran around the yard for a few minutes,

then dashed across the flower beds and all at once was gone. "I can't explain this," the author says, "but it wasn't a dream . . . I'll take my oath he actually came back."

Next morning Veiller said nothing to his wife about his vision of Penn, but she told her husband that she had been awakened by Penn's barking that night and had gone to the window to look out. And there on the lawn and in the garden she, too, had seen him romping gaily about until, suddenly, he wasn't there. She interpreted the apparition as her husband had done, that Penn had really come back so his master and mistress would know that all was fine with him, that he was now young again, strong and happy, and that they must not grieve.

The outstanding phase of this story is that the dog's ghost was seen and heard by both Mr. and Mrs. Veiller independent of each other at the same time.

"These phantasms," to quote Hereward Carrington again, "are not a little perplexing, for they raise the question of the probable immortality of animals, which has given rise to some discussion among scientists. At least, such occurrences as the foregoing are interesting."

Mailman's Problem

By Rose E. Goldberg

SKIPPY," my silver-white whippet, I am glad to say, has stopped tormenting the life out of my mailcarrier. Indeed, for some little time, Skippy, like countless dogs throughout the nation, had been working himself up into a frenzied state every time the postman showed his face. This, quite naturally, proved annoying and embarrassing all around. So, when I set about to determine the whys and wherefores of his actions, I discovered that, contrary to what most people thought, Skippy wasn't at all upset because of the mailman's uniform. Whenever Skippy saw uniformed men on the street, he remained calm and passive.

But, inevitably, whenever the postman set foot on the porch, I noticed that Skippy became terrified. Furthermore, when the mail was shot through the slot, my doggie, who is generally quiet and well-behaved, became positively incorrigible. In fact, not long ago, the mailman barred the screen door just in time to keep Skippy from leaping up at him.

Well, though many people accept such a situation nonchalantly, I simply couldn't endure it. I refused to let my year-old dog make a nuisance of himself each time the mailman put in his appearance. Consequently, after analyzing the whole situation, I took the matter up with the mailman.

"Look," I said, "my doggie's not afraid of you, personally. He just resents having you shoot the mail into the slot." The postman agreed that there was a possibility of truth in that belief. "Well," said I, "With your intelligent cooperation, we'll see that this insane barking is stopped. Now here's my plan," and, thereupon, the mailman and I entered into a sort of conspiracy. I told him that I would leave a box of dog biscuits on the porch whenever he came. And I asked him to please drop a few biscuits in with the mail when he made his rounds. "That," I said, "would show Skippy that you're his friend."

The next day, I stood with bated breath when the mailman approached. As usual, Skippy started up with his howling, growling, and mad act. "You go on home," he seemed to say to the postman. "Go on. Get off my porch, and go where you belong. I don't want you to come throwing stuff around in my house!" But, in the midst of the uproar, the mailman gingerly shoved a biscuit through the slot. Skippy stopped barking for a moment. His surprise was mingled with obvious elation. Hurriedly downing the tid-bit, my doggie stood expectantly and waited for more. More came, all right, and so did the mail.

And then when I opened the door, instead of lunging out at the postman Skippy assuming the role of a penitent, meekly sat and begged for more biscuits. After feeding him, the postman patted Skippy, played with him for a few seconds, and then went on his way.

So it was that I eagerly waited to see what would happen the following day, and, sure enough, this time Skippy soberly sat at the door while the mail came in, simultaneously with some dog biscuits. And that's how it was the next day and the next day, and every day since. Skippy doesn't growl anymore; he just takes up his biscuits and greets the carrier with real affection.

And, too, when my mail comes with biscuits, my mailman goes with peace!

Dog That Yodels

By Rose Tenent

HAVE you ever heard a dog "miaou?" Then you have not met "Antefaa Seri," the Basenji puppy. Seri, who lives in England, has four cats as companions, and not only likes to wash himself cat fashion, but also accompanies his feline friends in vocal conversation.

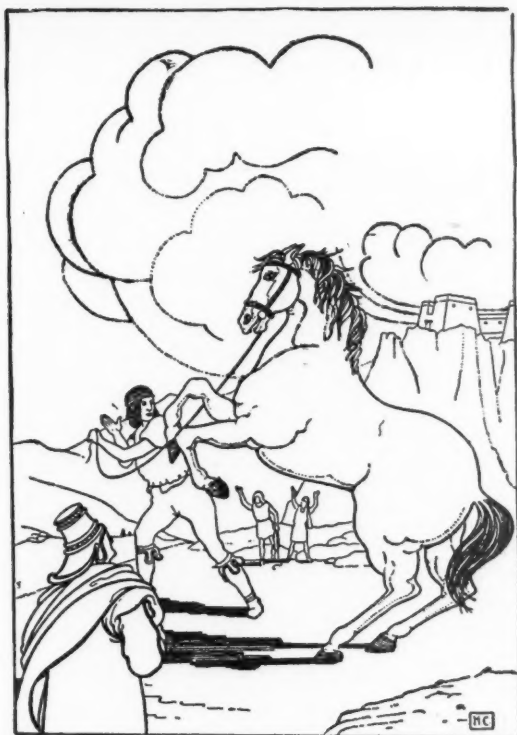
For, you see, Seri does not bark. Basenjis are the barkless dogs of ancient Egypt and were portrayed on the tombs of the Pharaohs as long ago as 4000 B. C. All the same, the Basenji is far from silent. Indeed, its amusing noises range from a yodel to a long-drawn wail, rather like a cock-crow. Seri's breeder, Miss Delia Willans, says that some of her Basenjis are very vocal and answer her back in their own way. "Recently a car owner had difficulties with his horn jamming in the street not far from my home; my 'Antefaa Khafres' joined in, each time with his jungle love call!"

What does this quaint animal look like? Standing about 16 or 17 inches high, the Basenji is usually a rich chestnut color with contrasting white markings. Most sought-after combination, however, is the black, tan and white specimen with two tan spots above the eyes. The first dog of this type to appear in the United States was "Black Idol of the Congo," imported by the English breeder, Miss Veronica Tudor-Williams, in 1947, when he created a great sensation. In Africa, the natives especially prize the black specimens and will seldom, if ever, part with them as they consider that these dogs bring good luck.

Basenjis have a lovable nature and a very high degree of intelligence, being high in mentality and extremely alert. They can easily be taught to walk at heel, to sit and to go through the same type of training for obedience as any other household pet. They are devoted to their owners, and in one case where a dog was sold, he refused to stay with his new master and returned over 100 miles to his original home.



—Photo by O. W. Wilmot, A.R.P.S.
"Black Magic" and "Black Myth of the Congo," black, tan, and white Basenjis.



All this time Prince Alexander had been watching this horse.

ABOUT 400 B. C., Simon wrote a book on horsemanship, but all but a small portion of the manuscript was lost. Xenophon wrote his famous book on horsemanship about 365 B. C.

The Greeks were the most famous of horsemen and introduced advanced equitation and trick riding. Riding as a habit came in later than driving—chariots were used for centuries in war before cavalry were introduced.

Homer tells us that driving was the only use to which the horse was put for many centuries. Long journeys were made by the rich in chariots. In the early Olympic Games, chariots alone were used, but in the 33rd Olympiad (648 B. C.) riding horses were used. The Greeks took the idea of cavalry from the Persians. The early cavalry were the *Corps d'Elite* in all the countries and were formed from the noble families.

The earliest breed of fine horses that we read of in the classics is the Thessalian. Originally this breed was used for driving. The mares of King Diomedes, the horses of Achilles, of Rhesus and of Orestes, as well as Alexander's famous charger, "Bucephalus," were Thessalian.

In General Xenophon's time we learn that the paces taught the horse were the walk, trot, and gallop with both leads; also leaping, demi-pesade, the volte, etc. The jointed snaffle bit was used, but the curb-bit, saddle and spurs did not come for a long time. The friezes on the Parthenon give us a very good idea of the type of horses used.

It is clear that even Xenophon did not understand the horse as we do today, in spite of the fact that his book is full of advice as to the humane and sane handling of horses. Xenophon's caution, "Never deal with a horse when you are in a passion," is worth its weight in gold.

Plutarch and Pliny both wrote of Alexander's famous Bucephalus. King Philip bought this horse and it was so wild

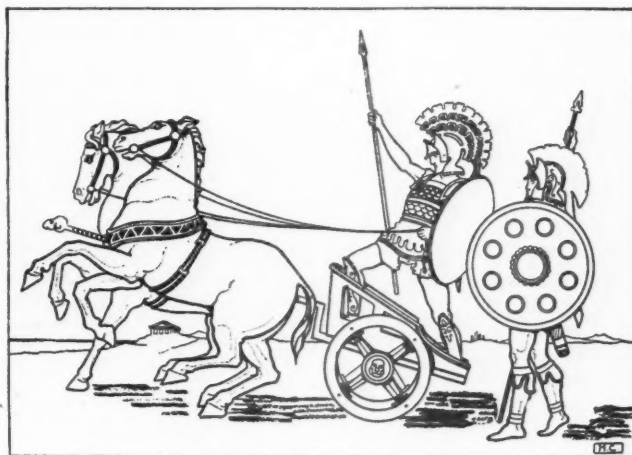
Ancient Horsemanship

By Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O.

that no one could ride it. Young Alexander, who was only twelve, had been watching this and cried out to his father that he would ride it. Alexander had noticed that the horse was afraid of his own shadow, so he turned him facing the sun, and slowly pulled himself onto the horse's back. He had such an extraordinary influence over the horse that he rode him to and fro in front of the Grecian audience. Bucephalus carried Alexander, The Great, through all his great campaigns in Persia. Bucephalus was thirteen when Prince Alexander was twelve, and he was finally mortally wounded in battle when he was thirty, but he carried the (then) King to safety before he died. Historians tell us that he loved his horse more than anything else; and the horse loved him so that it would kneel down to let him mount.

The horse was fortunate in those days not to be the victim of barbarous fashion that he is today. All of the old historians and authorities maintained that the mane and tail should be thick and flowing. Of more recent times, Berenger, gentleman of the Horse to the King, in his "History and Art of Horsemanship" (1771) decries cruel fashions, "The cruelty and absurdity of our custom of cropping the ears of horses, docking and nicking their tails, unbecoming the ignorance and cruelty of savages, although His Late Majesty, in his wisdom and humanity issued orders that horses who serve in his Army such be as nature made them." He referred to a canon issued some centuries before which reads, "From the influence of a vile and unbecoming custom, you deform and mutilate your horses, you cut off their tails and make them odious and disgusting objects to all who see them."

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Achilles driving his swift horses into battle.

Legend of the Cave-Boy's Dog

By Walter A. Dyer

NOBODY knows how long ago human beings and dogs began to live together. It was long before there was any such thing as history. And nobody knows how the friendship first began. But I have a theory about that. I believe it was when some child, thousands of years ago, first made the acquaintance of a puppy. Let me tell you a story and see if you don't think it is true.

Once upon a time, long, long ago—long before the great flood and Noah's ark—a family of queer-looking people lived in a cave in the rocks. I don't know where this was; in Asia Minor, perhaps. They didn't wear many clothes but their hair was very long and the father was hairy all over, almost as much so as a monkey. He had a low forehead, bright little eyes set deep in his head, a small nose, and a big mouth with strong teeth. His arms were very long and strong and he walked with a sort of slouch.

The mother was very strong, too, and sometimes she used to go out hunting with him, but after she had babies she stayed most of the time in the cave or near by, because there were many dangerous animals about and her children weren't big enough to protect themselves.

The father used to take a big club with a stone tied to the end of it and go out looking for dinner. The mother could gather berries and roots which they all liked to eat, but they had to have meat, too, and it was the father's business to get it. This wasn't so easy, because he not only had to catch an animal like a deer or a sheep and get near enough to kill it with his club, but he had to fight off the animals like wolves and big cats before he could get it home to his family.

Some of the most troublesome animals were the wild dogs who hunted in packs like the wolves and the jackals. They were swift and strong and brave and intelligent and when a pack of them, attracted by the smell of blood, came to take the man's meat away from him, he often had to climb a tree to save himself from being torn to pieces.

One day he was walking toward his cave with a little creature like an antelope thrown over his shoulder, when a wild dog sprang out of a thicket and attacked him. She was very fierce, but she seemed to be all alone. The man looked around but saw no pack, so he decided not to run or climb a tree. He dropped his antelope on the ground and struck at the dog with his club. There was a terrific fight, but at last the man, who could strike powerful blows with his club conquered his adversary.

Then, the man picked up the antelope and was about to start on when he heard a noise in the thicket. He peered in, and there were two of the cunningest puppies he had ever seen. In fact, they were just like some of the puppies we see today. They had no mother now to tell them to hide, and when the man reached down toward them they waddled forward and licked his hand with their little pink tongues.

Now, this man was not wholly cruel and savage. Feelings had begun to awaken in his heart which we call human. Of course, he cared for his wife and little ones and was willing to fight for them at any time, but so were the lions and foxes and wild geese. What he felt was something new, something that other creatures had never felt. It was part amusement and part pity. He thought, too, of a funny little youngster he had left playing with pebbles on the floor of the cave, and it occurred to him that these puppies would make better playthings than pebbles. So he picked them up and took them home. As they nestled in the curve of his hairy arm, they felt very pleasant to him and his big, ugly mouth spread in a sort of smile. He had never smiled very often.

The mother and children greeted him with glad cries when they saw him coming with their dinner, for they were all hungry, but there was one little boy who forgot all about dinner. He was soon holding two puppies in his arms—or trying to hold them—and they were squirming and squealing and tickling him. Soon he was rolling on the stone floor with them and laughing and I believe he was

the happiest little boy who had ever lived up to that time.

Well, I am sorry to say that the cave-man's family didn't know much about bringing up puppies and one of the two died. But the other was very hardy and managed to grow up somehow and learned to gnaw bones that were thrown out of the cave door after the family had had its dinner. He grew very fast—much faster than the little boy did—and soon they were running about together. I suppose the little boy gave him some outlandish name, but I have no idea what it was. Anyway, they became great playfellows and the puppy came to care more for his master than for anything else in the world.

One day the cave mother was aroused by a great hullabaloo. Calling her children inside the cave she took her club and stood on guard. Presently a gazelle went bounding past and then a pack of wild dogs in full cry. The cave-boy's dog had pricked up his ears at the first sound and now stood at the mouth of the cave whimpering and trembling with excitement. His master came and put his arms around the dog's neck, but the dog strained forward as if to leap down the hill and join the pack.

"Let him go," said the boy's mother in her strange language. "He is a puppy no longer and must go to live and hunt with his kind. That is the nature of animals. Men live with men and lions with lions and dogs with dogs. So it has always been and always will be. Let him go."

So the boy, very reluctantly, loosed his hold. The dog sprang forward and ran eagerly down the hill after the baying pack. Then they saw him stop, look back, and seem to be trying to decide what to do. He sniffed the air in both directions. Then, with one longing glance after the pack, he turned and trotted slowly back up the hill and in at the cave mouth. His master greeted him joyfully and the dog kissed his chin and leaned up against him, as if to say, "I've decided to leave my own kind and to live with you forever."

Don't you think that must have been the way it happened? I do.



When something is simmering in the oven the first thing that enters the cat's mind is, "What's cooking?" He will display his interest by a series of prrsts and merorows, interspersed by very affectionate long drawn out purrs at regular intervals. Naturally he feels that all this attention he is giving won't be effective unless he stands right behind your feet or between them.



If you won't give him a handout, he may take drastic steps to give himself a break, gastronomically speaking. By fair means or foul he aims to fill his stomach. In fact, if he feels you are falling all over yourself to feed him, he will eat with great relish whatever may have been spilled, even if he doesn't like that particular dish.

January 1953

In the Kitchen

Photos by Eric Wahleen

Cats are very definitely interested in kitchens, especially when they're hungry — and they will follow their own code of ethics concerning eating, regardless of what the rest of the household may do. Generally, the cat will prefer a regular eating spot, a dish or two on a newspaper, and he fully expects you to see that he gets fed at that spot at regular intervals.



On the other hand, forcing kitty to eat what you think is good for him will end in dismal failure. Cats may be led, but you can't force them.

Comes the day that kitty demands a change of diet. Explain as you will — show him there's nothing in the ice box. He still will have his own ideas.





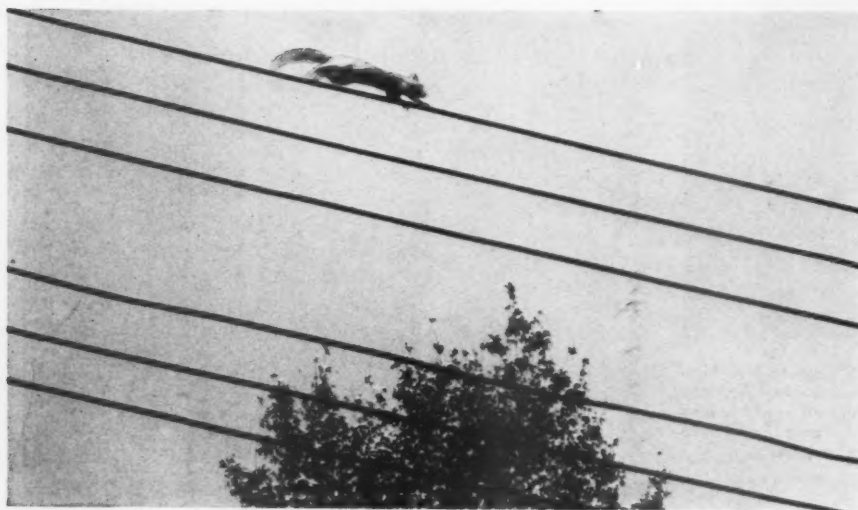
Let's take an

"Nothing like it, eh? Nice soft pillow to rest my head on. It's a wonder they wouldn't take my harness off, though, when it's time for my nap. Well, beggars can't be choosers, they say, and I was certainly 'dog-tired' and mighty happy for this chance to snooze after that romp through the park."

—Photo by Marian E. Hazelton

"Let me whisper in your ear. How about getting on my back for a trot around the field? Come on, you've got your riding togs on and we could have a lot of fun. I'll introduce you to my mother right here beside me and all the other animals on the farm, too."

—Photo by Connie Rounds



Do squirrels ever use telephone or power lines as a means of transportation? Most people believe they do not. However, this picture proves differently. Mr. Squirrel here is actually using this power line to get from one tree to another. He's an albino, too, one of the numerous albino squirrels that are native to Olney, Illinois.

—Photo by Grover Brinkham

another trip through Animaland

This little one looks all alone, doesn't he? However, those mountains around him, as you've probably guessed, are just plain wool on the backs of a flock of sheep. Actually, he sought sanctuary when that strange man with the camera got too close.

—Photo by Charlotte Estey

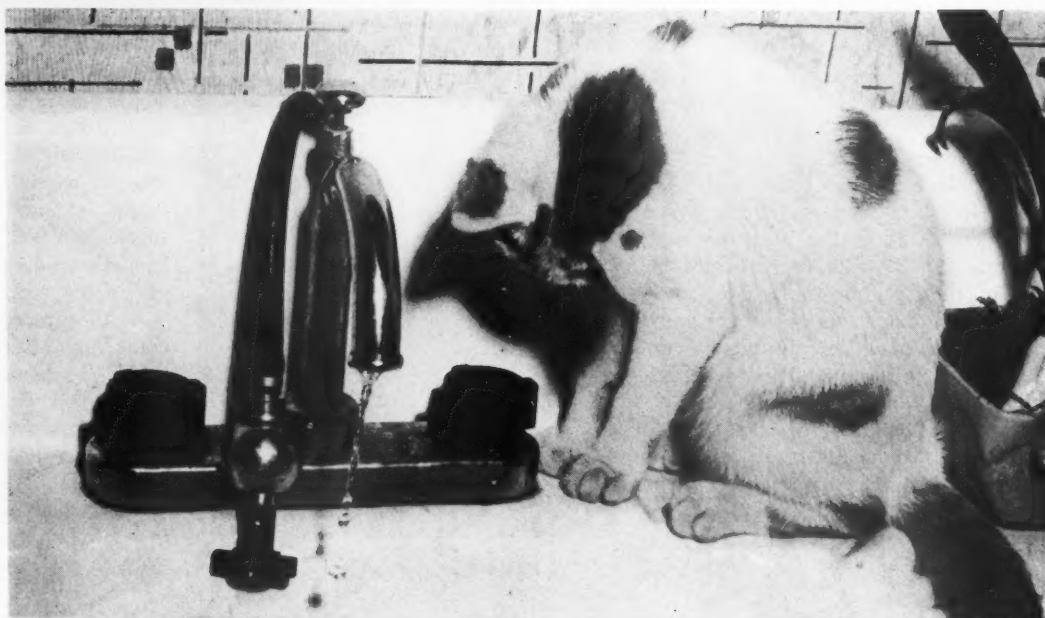


This friendly fellow seems to like it better this way, instead of waiting for someone to take the pail from under the faucet so he could drink at leisure. In any case, it's a good way to wet his "moo" and cool off temporarily, at least.

—Photo by Dennis Hallinan

There's something fascinating about any moving object, a blowing leaf, a grasshopper, a scampering mouse. But to this kitty, there's nothing more engrossing than the steady drip, drip of water from the kitchen faucet. She will sit there by the hour, cocking her head this way and that and occasionally getting a tentative paw wet.

—Photo by Marge Baldwin



"Spring" Time

BIRDS make their nests out of many different materials, but a bird at Soleure, in Switzerland, made use of an unusual substance to construct its home. Settling in a neighborhood in which a number of watchmakers had their shops, the bird constructed a nest from cast off or broken watch springs which were lying about in near-by yards. A watchmaker discovered the completed nest and found it to be made entirely of watch springs, each less than one-half an inch wide. When the brood had been raised the nest was taken down and placed in the local museum as a striking example of the ingenuity of birds.

Can You Explain This?

By Wallace M. Deper

EVERY morning at 9:30 o'clock I walk from my home to a small store two blocks away, more for the exercise than anything else. Never do I take "Shep" because my son exercises the dog before he leaves for school earlier in the day. Shep walks me to the door only.

But this morning it was different. As I put on my hat and coat, Shep started to whine. I spoke to her and started down the hall to the front door. Shep got ahead of me and by her whining was trying to tell me something. I returned to the kitchen and filled her dish with fresh water, but that, obviously, was not what she wanted. She continued to whine. I tried a couple of dog biscuits; she left them alone. I sat down in a chair and examined Shep's feet and mouth. Nothing wrong. Finally I said, "What is it, Shep?"

Then the dog stopped whining and started for her dish. She ate the biscuits. Laughingly I said, "Everything all right now?" She wagged her tail. I again went to the front door. Shep did not whine now, so I went out.

Less than a block away there was a deep depression in the grass between the curb and sidewalk, and a heavy tire mark on the flagstone walk. As I stood there, a neighbor came out of his home and said, "Well, he nearly got us," explaining that a heavy trailer-truck from Philadelphia had jumped the curb, then gone back to the road without further mishap. When he told me the time I knew that, had not Shep held me in the house, I would have been at the spot when the mishap occurred.

Can you explain how Shep knew?

"Bum"

By Elizabeth Crawford Joiner

SOME years ago, my husband brought home a tiny, frightened puppy. He had found him abandoned at a river's edge, starving and too young to do anything about it. We christened him "Bum," fed him, and put him to bed in an apricot basket.

Bum loved his bed, which was about the size of a two-quart berry box, but his great appetite caused him to fill it to overflowing in a short time. The day came when he was just too big for it.

We got him a larger bed. He ignored it. Time and again he tried to squeeze his plumpness into his old apricot basket. Suddenly, he ceased his effort, plopped down at one end of the basket and began to chew. Carefully he gnawed the soft, thin wood until the entire end gapped. Then he hied to the opposite end where he repeated this performance.

When he had finished chewing out both ends he sat up, eyed his work, then carefully laid his stomach-parts between the two remaining sides. There he lay with head and forefeet sticking out one end, tail and hindfeet out the other. He sighed and went to sleep.

Of course, by the following day both sides of the basket lay flattened. Still our pup sprawled over the remnants of his bed. Finally we were forced to burn the pieces.

Finding his beloved bed gone and only the new one left, Bum eyed it long and suspiciously. Then, being the good dog that he was, he climbed awkwardly into the new basket, resigned to living a dog's life.



He outgrew the new one, too.

Calendar of Animals

NOW is the time to start thinking about your orders for our 1954 Calendar of Animals. This year we sold almost 110,000 and were completely out of stock by the middle of November. Notices will appear in this magazine and cards will be sent to our regular customers next spring.

"Rex's" Purchase

By Margaret Dewart Cuthbert

REX, a handsome police dog, was a front page attraction in our local newspaper several times. His master, a hotelkeeper, often amused his customers with stories and demonstrations of Rex's clever tricks.

One day a group of cattle buyers was sitting in the lobby, chatting. The hotelkeeper pointed to the oldest man, saying, "Go get his cap, Rex," not realizing that the elderly man was quite deaf. Rex stalked over, placed his big paws on the man's knees. With his huge mouth open, he reached for the cattle buyer's cap.

Taken by surprise, the old man tried to push him back. As he patted him on the head, the man said nervously, "Nice doggie, nice doggie." In spite of being patted and pushed away, Rex managed to secure the cap.

Across the busy street the hotelkeeper and Rex had a friend who kept a men's clothing store. Rex was often sent to the store for different articles to show his almost human understanding. "Go over to Jake's and bring me some straw hats," the hotelkeeper would command. Rex, watching the traffic carefully, dodged in and out among the cars. When he reached the store he pushed open the screen door, located the hats, looked at the manager for approval and hurried back with the straw hats in his mouth.

But Rex's best performance occurred one day when the hotelkeeper attempted to do the family shopping. As he and Rex were going out the door, the hotelkeeper's wife called, "Bring me a package of tea, too."

At the grocery store the hotelkeeper, consulting his list, bought meat, vegetables, lard and catsup, then started home. About a block from the shop, Rex suddenly turned and hurried back. He soon returned to his master with a package of tea in his mouth.

The proud, but slightly embarrassed hotelkeeper went back to the grocery store to make explanations.



—Photo by Louis A. Puggard

As for sleeping — there's nothing like playing so hard you just drop down and go to sleep like this.

Curious Animal Sleeping Habits

By Andrew D. Coizart

ALL animals, wild or tame, need sleep and the variety of their sleeping habits is amazing. For instance, the African elephant shrew, so called because of its elongated snout resembling an elephant's trunk, sleeps without ever closing its eyes. Nature endowed it with faculty of being perpetually alert for danger.

Always being prepared for the unforeseen is a characteristic common to most creatures living above the ground. Bats are a good illustration of the case. They sleep hanging head downwards, while clutching their support with the claws of their hind feet. Thus they are ready to take flight instantly, should danger suddenly arise.

Sound sleepers, on the contrary, are generally those like rabbits, mice, hamsters, etc., that live in burrows, and this habit persists even when the animals are in the open or in a cage above ground. And so soundly do they sleep that often they may be picked up without being awakened.

Curious sleepers are the armadillos, the strange animals with an armor-like covering. During their sleep they tremble almost continuously.

While many animals give little thought to bed-making, others work hard to provide themselves with a comfortable resting place. The gorilla is the best example of this kind. When ready to turn in, the whole gorilla family starts gathering sticks, twigs or moss.

Then the animals twist branches to make a platform upon which they place the material they have assembled.

The young gorilla sleeps in a small bed next to its mother's, while the father selects a place from which he can keep a watchful eye on his family. While sleeping, the gorilla lies on his back and uses his hands, placed behind his head, as a pillow. When awakened suddenly he is infuriated and becomes, then, extremely dangerous.

Another ape that builds comfortable sleeping quarters is the orangutan. He always sleeps high up in the trees, sometimes forty feet off the ground. The foundation of his bed is a solid fork on which he bends young branches well provided with leaves. Before settling down for rest, the orangutan always makes sure that his bed is firmly secured to the tree.

To avoid falling out of bed during the night, should a sudden gust of wind rock his bedroom dangerously, the ape closes his fingers tightly onto a branch. So tight is the contraction of his tendons that, even when asleep, the orangutan cannot release his grip no matter how much the tree may be swaying. When he awakes he will still be holding the branch.

It would seem almost natural that the higher types of animals make beds. But what of the sea otter, an aquatic creature that also makes himself comfortable for the night?

Just before retiring, the otter selects

a spot where abundant seaweed is seen floating on the water. In this seaweed he rolls and rolls until he is covered by it as if by a blanket. This gives him the certainty of not drifting away from his companions which, of course, have all acted alike.

Another curious habit is that of a cousin of his, the brown seal, who thinks nothing of falling asleep under the water, coming up periodically for air, and sinking down again.

Birds are no less erratic in their habits. For example, take the ruffed grouse that lives in the Arctic regions.

This bird has reduced bed-making to its simplest form. When he feels sleepy he plunges, head first, into a snowdrift, where he remains during the night. He is taking a big chance, though, for should rain fall, followed by a sharp drop in temperature to the freezing point, the grouse would be trapped in his small igloo with no possibility of breaking through the ice blocking his exit.

The bat parakeet has a technique of his own. Like the bat, he sleeps hanging down, but he clings to his perch with one foot only.

It seems amazing that birds, while asleep, do not fall off their perches. The reason is that birds, like the orangutan, have a long tendon controlling their toes. This tendon, by contracting to a high degree, keeps the birds anchored safely. It has been said that birds which died in their sleep were found still gripping the branch.



"How time flies!" Petey, a convalescing patient, seems to be saying to attractive Miss Kay Driscoll, our X-Ray Technician, as they check on the progress of the little New Year.

Agent's Calendar - - Samples of Daily SPCA Routine

SOMETIMES our agents are balked by inhuman indifference as in the following case: We received a call from a rubber company in the western part of the state that one of their sweepers had soaked a cat with turpentine. The cat licked itself, went wild and died-poisoned.

One of our agents went with a police officer to investigate. At the electrical department, where it was reported to have happened, and the superintendent said that he was not there but if he had been he would have given the investigators the whole story. He did come in and helped wash the cat off, trying to save it. Also, the superintendent added, the labor union in the shop was a close one and they would not get a witness.

This proved to be true, as our agent overheard the men passing the word from one to another, "Remember, you didn't see a thing." Unable to get an admission from the man accused by the company, the only thing the agent could do was give him a warning. But he will be keeping an eye on this sweeper.

Luckily an observant neighbor called one of our agents before a family in Springfield, Mass., got into serious trouble. They had set out rat poison where it was easily accessible to children and valuable pets. Our agent carefully explained the law on this subject and helped them take sensible precautions.

A not too pleasant, but frequent job of our agents is rescuing inquisitive skunks from the predicaments they are always getting themselves into. In Stockbridge, Mass., not too long ago, one brave agent picked up a skunk and removed the jar in which his head was caught. Our agent was amply rewarded when he put the skunk down on the ground—no spray!

A blind man appealed to our Complaint and Ambulance Department in Boston recently, when an unthinking child threw a firecracker which went off near his Seeing-Eye dog. An agent made the child understand that this was a cruel thing to do to any living animal, but that the law specifically protected a blind man's dog from harm.

Society and

"Corporal Derek"

A DETACHMENT of Marines was on hand at our animal cemetery in Methuen to render final military honors to "Corporal Derek," of World War II fame, when he was buried there recently after succumbing to a heart attack in spite of the best possible care at our Hospital. The ten-year-old Doberman pinscher was interred in a grave donated by the Society, and a fitting memorial erected to mark the site, also the gift of the Society.

The handsome Doberman, owned by Lt. and Mrs. F. L. Dunn of Cambridge, was enlisted in the Marine Corps in 1944 and was honorably discharged in 1945, but in these fifteen months he was twice wounded by shrapnel and rifle fire while serving as guard messenger with the First Division leathernecks in the South Pacific.

Back home, Corporal Derek continued to serve his country. He toured veterans' hospitals in New England, and was at hospitals in New England, shaking hands and going through his "basic training." According to an ex-Marine, "He was as good as a movie star for those boys. They were crazy about him." Also, Derek was active in fund-raising drives, receiving citations from the Red Cross, Marine Corps League, and Boston Community Fund.



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Service News

SPECIAL EVENT: Mr. Howard Willand, one of our Boston Agents, recently celebrated his 25th Anniversary with the Society. To mark the occasion and as a token of appreciation for his services, Mr. Willand was presented with a gold watch, and received the congratulations of his colleagues.

Horses' Christmas

THERE was quite a festival air here at Angell Memorial last month when the gaily decorated peddlers' wagons, each carrying a sparkling Christmas tree, lined up in our patio to load the parcels of grain and apples which they distributed throughout Boston on December 24.

Every year, three or four of these wagons carry our Society's gifts to the work horses of Boston at this season. They tour the city streets, going to stables and markets, dispensing food and good will. Somehow the sight of those cheery wagons fits right into the warm atmosphere of Christmas feeling. Even the horses pulling our wagons step livelier, seemingly conscious of their mission.

In this mechanical age, the horses working in our cities are fewer in number, but still deserve and appreciate this token remembrance.

It would be wonderful if all the Society's friends who have donated so generously to this cause in the past could come with us as we make our "rounds," but since this is impossible we'll do the next best thing. Next month, because they weren't ready on time for this issue, we'll print a picture or two of the event and let you see your good works.

A Suggestion

IN ORDERING a subscription to *Our Dumb Animals* to be sent to a clinic for the hard of hearing and deaf, a friend of our Society said: "They have used the many lovely pictures from your magazines for lip-reading lessons. Animals seem to interest all people."

Know Your Own

BE SURE to read the back cover of this issue of *OUR DUMB ANIMALS*; the Massachusetts SPCA has done it again!

Another original and sadly-needed plan has been developed by our Society for the protection of animals—this time your pet. Almost everyone has lost a dog or had it stolen, but do you remember what a hard time you had describing him to the police or other agencies eager to help you find him? And, if a long time elapsed before he was found, do you remember the difficulty you had in proving—to yourself and others—that this was your long-lost dog?

We have the solution, a form to be filled out with descriptive details, such as coloring, distinguishing markings, or even scars, and it comes in an attractive case which you can file away in a safe place to be there if you should need it. There is even a sketch of a typical dog, two sides, on which to fill in his special markings.

So, turn over to the back cover *now*, and find out how you can obtain this valuable safeguard. You care, and so does your dog!

Dr. Hansen Honored

DR. ERIC H. HANSEN, President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has recently been elected a Trustee of Oglethorpe University, Atlanta, Georgia, which conducts the Rowley School of Human Understanding.

This is a much appreciated honor for it is at this School, named in honor of Dr. Francis H. Rowley, our late Chairman of the Board and dean of the humane movement, that the fundamentals of Humane Education are correlated with other subjects at a level of education beyond the reach of our Bands of Mercy and Junior Humane Societies.

Oglethorpe University and the American Humane Education Society exhibit a purpose identical to each other in an on-going process whereby they awaken and foster kindness as a first and, therefore, essential step towards human brotherhood.

The election of Dr. Hansen to the Board of Trustees will strengthen the close association between Oglethorpe University and our Societies. It is another of those links which are a privilege and an inspiration to humane endeavor.



"Goldstep," 22-year-old servant of the Boston Police Department, is about to leave the city streets for a "quiet place in the country," our Society's Rest Farm for Horses at Methuen, Mass., to spend the rest of his days in comfortable retirement. Before leaving, the faithful animal says goodbye to an old friend, Officer William B. Dooley, and a pretty society staff member.

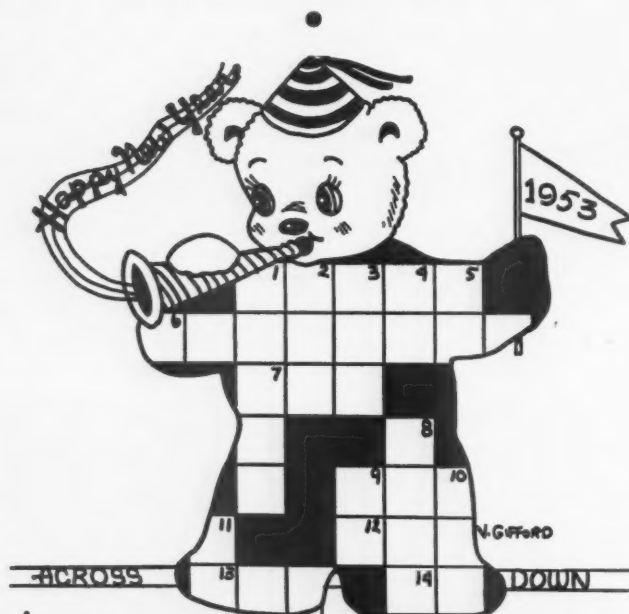
CHILDREN'S



Half and Half

By Beulah M. Brown

We got our clever little hound
At the crowded city pound.
The front of him is plainly collie;
The part that wags is Beagle's folly.



1. THE RICH PART OF MILK.

6.



7. NOT EVEN.

9.



12. — KING COLE.

13.



14. NOTE IN SCALE.

1.



2. COLOR OF A ROSE.

3. TO FINISH.

4. PAID NOTICE IN A PAPER.

5. MOTHER.

8.



9. TO KNOCK OUT IN A PRIZE FIGHT.

10. OLD WAY OF SAYING "YES".

11. EXCLAMATION OF SURPRISE.

Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month

ANSWERS TO DECEMBER PUZZLE: Across—3. bird, 4. iron, 7. map, 8. ten, 9. candle, 11. one, 12. wet.

Down—1. airplane, 2. edit, 5. real, 6. on, 7. mt., 9. cow, 10. net.



"Bonnie" and I

By Judith E. Baker (9)

MY dog's name is "Bonnie." She is a German police. She runs and plays in the snow. If I throw a snowball she runs and gets it, then brings it back. She is a jolly dog.

In the picture, you can see Bonnie and me resting in the snow.

"Orlando", My Cat

By Sheila Ann Paulson (6)

MY KITTYS name is "Orlando." He is a big black Persian and he thinks he is a mother cat, I guess, because he has brought home three baby rabbits to play with. He plays carefully with them and doesn't hurt them.

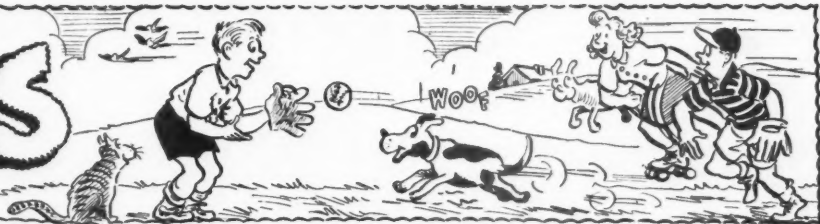
Sometimes Orlando plays games with me, and hides behind a tree. When I find him he runs and hides behind another tree. When he wants to get out of the house he says, "L'meout."

This morning he brought a baby mouse from someplace. He is a good mouser, but sometimes he gets his fur all stuck up with burs and we have to comb them out carefully so we do not hurt him.

I am so fond of cats that I am making a scrapbook of cat pictures, so I am always glad when I find a cat picture in my Grandma's OUR DUMB ANIMALS magazine.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

PAGES



"Mother Pussy's" Surprise

By Dorothee A. Wolpert (11)

ONCE I had a very pretty cat we called her "Mother Pussy" because she was always having kittens. One day I had the mother cat all snuggled up in my housecoat when Daddy said that we were driving up to the gas station and then maybe take a little ride.

When we came back, Mommy shouted, "A mouse!" She was looking at the cat on my housecoat, so Daddy went over to the cat. What do you know? It wasn't a mouse at all, but a newborn kitten in my housecoat!

This kitten is my favorite cat now, and always sleeps on my bed at night. Guess what I named her? "Surprise," because she certainly was!

"Spunky"

By Mary Jane Tivnan (13)

*His little bed is empty now,
No doggie there in slumber;
His little tail will wag no more,
Or will it, now? I wonder.*

*Will his playful barks be heard
By Someone Else I know,
Who watches the inhabitants
Where all good doggies go?*

*And will He call him "Spunky,"
Or another brand new name?
And if He does, will Spunky
Answer just the same?*

*Will he have another little bed
Like the one in my room now?
And will he romp around just like
He did as my bow-wow?*

*And then when he is tired
Will he flop down in slumber?
Or don't dogs tire up above?
They might, but then, I wonder . . .*

CALLING MOTHER AND DAD!

Have you heard the radio and TV programs we sponsor? You'll approve of them for your children, and they'll love them. (You should see our fan mail!)

Friday Evenings — it's ANIMAL FAIR, starring John Macfarlane, and various assorted animal friends, on Channel 4, WBZ-TV, at 6 P.M.

Saturday Mornings — it's ANIMAL CLUB OF THE AIR, where Albert Pollard shines as M.C. and storyteller, over WMEX (1510 on the dial) at 9:15 A.M.

Both programs relate facts and stories about animals in such a fascinating way that you'll find yourself a fan, too.

"Mustang"

By Martha Garlando (12)

ABOUT four years ago in the state of Connecticut there was a beautiful little colt. His name was "Mustang," and our neighbors next door owned him.

Every day I would give him an apple and sometimes a block of sugar.

One day as we were playing in the little corral we had a lot of fun. I had a rope and was trying to get it over his head. And another time we were in the meadow and I used to try to ride him, but he didn't like it very much unless I had the saddle on him. We would ride down by the brook to get water, then ride back again.

Then one day I had to go to New York to school, but the following summer—for the last time—we went to Connecticut again. When I saw him he was just as handsome as ever. I had a lot of fun that summer and when I came home again for good I missed him a great deal.

Once my grandfather had told me how it was to part with your friend. I was young then and did not quite understand. but now I understood. Because now I have parted with my best friend.



And a Happy New Year to you, too!

Cats in Japan

By Jewell Casey



The strange actions and inscrutable expressions of cats have given rise to many superstitions concerning them.

CATS in Japan are held in high esteem, some more so than others, but all are well cared for. Once it was a penalty-by-death offense to kill a cat.

A beckoning cat made of pottery or wood is seen in practically every up-and-coming shop and store window throughout all of Japan. This is because of an ancient legend which tells how many, many years ago an aged priest was making preparations for leaving his temple. He was not leaving because he so desired, but due to the fact his parishioners had become neglectful and the offerings of the few faithful ones were insufficient to provide even the scantiest of food for the elderly priest and his beloved cat. The building had also fallen into a state of neglect.

On the day the priest was planning to go away a wealthy nobleman happened to pass the apparently deserted

temple. Glancing toward it he was surprised to see a large, handsome cat sitting in front of the temple and, what was even more surprising, the cat was making signs to the man to come inside. Curious, the nobleman ordered his carrier to stop and he went into the once-magnificent temple. After talking to the kind priest and learning the sad plight of affairs, the nobleman provided ample funds for the complete restoration of the temple, which resumed its former importance—all due to the intelligent cat.

So, even today, a figurine of a beckoning cat in a shop window is supposed to bring customers inside; once inside they will make purchases, so the cat is believed to be a good luck charm.

In Japan the black cat is not feared nor thought to bring bad luck to anyone, but a three-colored male cat is the fishermen's good luck mascot! Such a

mascot always receives a share of the daily fish catch.

It is not considered bad luck to move a cat when a family is moving. In fact, it is just the opposite, because good luck is with the family who has a fine cat to move.

Many cats in Japan have naturally short tails, something like the Manx cats. There is an old superstitious belief that long-tailed cats perform a "cat dance," by standing on their hind legs and their tail. These cats are usually represented in pictures with a cloth draped over their heads. In ancient times it was believed they had the ability to change into human beings. As such cats, in human form, were believed to be wicked, long-tailed cats are not as popular as are those with short tails.

Many Japanese, as well as people elsewhere, believe that cats possess a sixth sense of some sort which enables them to foretell disasters. There are many old and new stories of cats that abandoned ships which later sank at sea. And there are equally as many instances of cats that fled from houses which later burned, or were destroyed by flood or earthquake.

In ancient times cats were held in the highest reverence, and sacrifices were offered to them. Leading a "cat's life" at the Royal Palace was a life of luxury. Not only were the royal cats served the most choice food, but had special servants who did nothing but look after the cats, making them comfortable and happy with such attention as massaging their hair with perfumed oil and keeping their bodies and beds immaculate.

Emperor Ichigo of Japan so highly esteemed cats, he appointed one a lady-in-waiting at court.

If any one kills a cat in Japan it is a popular superstition that a curse will be upon the person and his family for seven generations.

Four-Feet

By Rudyard Kipling

*I have done mostly what most men do,
And pushed it out of my mind;
But I can't forget, if I wanted to,
Four-Feet trotting behind.*

*Day after day, the whole day through—
Wherever the road inclined—
Four-Feet said, "I am coming with you"
And trotted along behind.*

*Now I must go by some other round—
Which I shall never find—
Somewhere that does not carry the sound
Of Four-Feet trotting behind.*



FRESH MEAT SCARCER!

TINNED DOG FOOD HARDER TO GET!

WHAT AM I GOING TO FEED MY DOG?

WIRTHMORE DOG FOOD

IS THE PERFECT ANSWER TO THIS QUESTION

IT CONTAINS An abundant supply of Vitamins, Minerals, and Calories. More than 30% Animal Proteins. High Fat Content: over 7%. Processed with a special preservative. Vitamin B₁₂ and Antibiotic Feed Supplement (Aureomycin).

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**THIS SPACE
 CONTRIBUTED**

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.



"You and Your Dog" is a new and profusely illustrated story-booklet of 20 pages with an especial appeal to children. It is already being used extensively in the schools of Springfield, Mass., in the teaching of Humane Education.

Hence:

For **TEACHERS**—This booklet can readily be used as supplementary reading in English classes as well as for direct use in Humane Education.

For **SOCIETIES**—The booklet can well be a steppingstone for the introduction of a worthwhile program in the local schools.

For **PARENTS**—"You and Your Dog" will be enjoyed by the children of the family and be a basis for intelligent care of the household pets.

As a **GIFT**—To the small relative or neighborhood child who will find entertainment in its pages and a subtle bit of education in animal care.

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